THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. FEBRUARY, 1902. NO. 2.

THE EARLY MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

IROQUOIS AGGRESSIONS.

AT the end of the feast the chief arises and with a loud voice, prays, "I invoke thee, O god of war to be favorable to me and my friends; to have pity on me and on my family. I invoke, also, all the good and bad spirits, all those who are in the air and on the earth and in the earth to keep me and those of my party and to help us after a happy journey to return to our country." The Indians answer "Ho! Ho!" which is their cry of approbation and prayer, and then the chief sings the death song. Very often it embraces the most atrocious details. "May rage choke my enemies; may I devour them and drink their blood to the last drop. I will lift their scalps; I will drink in the skull of my enemies. I will cut their fingers with my teeth. I will burn their feet and their limbs. I will let the worms feed on their wounds. I will tear the skin from their heads. I will pluck out their hearts and plunge it in their mouths." The warriors repeat these songs of death and of vengeance.

The dance Athonront commences. The chief strikes a post of the cabin and begins the dance. Each warrior does the same. It is a public declaration of the private arrangement which he has made to follow his chief and to fight his assailants. The proceedings end by the war dance in which all take part and in which the braves execute, each in his own fashion, all the

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movements of a troop on the march or in the fight. They utter cries of death and yells of vengeance. They imitate the labors of a siege and the attack of a palisade. They make marches and countermarches. They brandish their clubs and their tomahawks. They stretch their bows and flourish their knives. They leap over ditches and imitate the action of swimming. Nothing is wanting in this picturesque and horrible pantomine to make it an infernal image of savage war. The ceremonies and the dances and the songs are intended to arouse their martial ardor.

Before their departure they interrogate the Medicine Men. They consult dreams and take their manitou and thus assured they set out convinced that they have nothing to fear, and that the victory is already won. Their imaginations are excited by the story of the exploits of their ancestors and they are on fire to win glory like them in the combat.

At the beginning of our narrative the Iroquois population was about 25,000, of whom 2,000 or more were warriors. The number was not great, but their geographical situation protected them against all attack from without while they had easy access to the West and North along the Ohio, Mississippi and the great lakes, and to the East by the river St. Lawrence and its tributary streams. With their canoes they could transport their warriors rapidly to the points where they hoped to surprise the enemy. The enemy were the Hurons, the Algonquins and the French, who were superior to them in number indeed, but did not possess the same power of cohesion, of mutual understanding and discipline. Moreover, the Iroquois had, at the south, a wall of defense in the Dutch colony established on Manhattan Island. For these Dutch settlers they procured rich peltries, and received in return firearms and ammunition for war or for the hunt, and they thus possessed a great superiority over the other savage tribes. In this manner they soon became the first military power of North America. Sure, henceforth, of this advantage, and proud of their ability for war, they knew no restraint. They were found in ambuscade on the borders of the St. Lawrence, and at the mouths of rivers to attack the canoes and the boats which were loaded

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with peltries. They prowled around Quebec and Three Rivers; they went into the very heart of the Algonquin country. They ascended the St. Lawrence as far as the island of Allumettes. They attacked the camps which were badly guarded, surprised their enemies, massacred them or carried them off as prisoners. They even captured prisoners from beneath the very cannon of Quebec. The Hurons who came down every year for trading often met them and each time there was a bloody conflict, with the victory usually on the side of the Iroquois. "They came like foxes," says Charlevoix, "they attacked like lions, and fled like birds. They were most usually sure of their stroke."

When Champlain returned to Quebec, after the peace of St. Germain, he saw immediately the gravity of the situation. There was no illusion about it. A prompt remedy had to be applied if the future of the colony was to be assured. For that reason he asked 120 soldiers from Richelieu. "With this troop of warriors," he said, "together with two or three thousand allies, we would be absolute masters in a year of all this people." This was in 1633. In the following year he wrote again: "One hundred and twenty Frenchmen, well equipped with our Indian allies, would suffice to exterminate the Iroquois or make them listen to reason." These one hundred and twenty soldiers he never got. The Cardinal engaged in the war against the House of Austria was unable to give any assistance to the French colony. The successor of Champlain, Huault de Montmagne, succeeded no better with the Minister, and, powerless to attack, he contented himself with remaining on the defensive. This wise and prudent course seemed to the Iroquois a manifest sign of great weakness. Up to that they had conceived a great idea of the military power of France, but from that out their ideas changed and gave place to quite another impression, for they did not understand the real motive of the expectant attitude of the governor. Their audacity increased as this apparent weakness showed itself, and soon it was beyond all bounds.

In 1641, Father Vimonot, Superior of Quebec, writes to his Provincial at Paris: "New France will perish if it is not vigor-

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ously and promptly assisted. The business of the Hundred Associates, the colony of the French and religion, which begins to take hold of the subjects, are forever gone if the Iroquois are not conquered. If we have not that people on our side, or if they are not exterminated, we may well abandon to their cruelties all our excellent neophytes and all the fine hopes we had cherished. The Iroquois have become so insolent that either the country must be lost or a prompt and efficacious remedy must be applied."

Again, the following year, he expressed the same fears: "The Iroquois are the scourge of our growing church, and are destroying our neophytes with their firearms, and have sworn a cruel war against the French. They block all the entrances to our great river, are destroying all our commerce, and bring ruin on the entire country."

These words are the expressions of the general opinion of the colony. The fear of the Iroquois had caused much depression of spirits. The people lived with the constant fear of death before them; there was no protection except in the very citadel of Quebec. "The Algonquins, who are Christians or catechumens, and who established themselves in Three Rivers, have fled in terror. Many have gone back to their country and others have taken refuge in Quebec. The Iroquois have not yet discovered (this was towards the end of 1642) the colony established at Montreal in the spring of that year, but hostilities will begin soon, and people can no longer be sure once they leave their doorsteps. The region between the country of the Hurons and Quebec, which is frequented every year after the great winter frosts by fleets of thirty, fifty and even one hundred canoes, is to-day so insecure that convoys of merchandise are something that you rarely see."

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A CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. M. WATSON, S.J.

I.

I WALKED along a city street to-day,
And Souls in crowds passed near me, each to sight
Invisible within its house of clay,
A Spirit by its nature glad and bright.
A pure Celestial Presence stood revealed
And asked me: "Wouldst thou these veiled Spirits know,
And view their state, now from thy sight concealed?"
I looked my wish, he touched mine eyes, and lo!
Each Spright I knew. And some were hideous, black,
And bound in straitest bonds, yea, wounded sore
As if to death; and yet, most strange, alack!
The body seemed to know it not, and wore
Apparel gay and cried in vaunting joy:
"Ours is true life, ours, bliss without alloy."

II.

But some there were, whose Soul a glorious Queen,
Dwelt in their flesh as in a palace fair,
For strong and glad and crowned with light serene,
She lived free as unfettered mountain air.
And these were children and some ill-clad poor,
And men and women with a child-like heart,
Who won Angelic love and guidance sure,
And spotless walked through busy street and mart.
They shunned all sinful stain; and yet their fill
Of keenest pleasure quaffed; for, hour by hour,
They grew in holiest peace and love, until
They gained, e'en while on earth, Heaven's happiest dower.
True life was theirs; but many sneered and said:
"What earthly joy is yours? Fools, ye are dead!"

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THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN PASSION WEEK.

IT is somewhat striking that in the Office of Holy Week there is almost no mention of the Holy Mother. The Feast of the Seven Dolors has been already celebrated in Passion Week, but in the gloom of the week that follows she virtually disappears. She is, of course, mentioned as standing at the foot of the Cross, and Our Lord's words to her are recorded and have formed the delight of the Church ever since, but beyond that there is nothing. We have, indeed, the meeting of Mother and Son on the way to Calvary and there is the laying of the mangled body of Jesus in her arms at the foot of the Cross; but these two events are given to us by tradition and are not recorded in Holy Writ. The silence of the Scripture on these two events does not, of course, imply that they did not occur, for the tradition and piety and instinct of the Church are absolutely safe guides in such matters. They were not written down simply because it was unnecessary to do so. That they occurred is self-evident. But apart from that, Our Lady is almost lost sight of in the Liturgy of the Church during that week. It is the Church's way of emphasizing the doctrine that Jesus "trod the wine-press alone; that He looked to the right and to the left and there was no one to help Him." It is for the same reason that during that time there is no invocation of any saint; on Good Friday there is not even Mass; and, in keeping with that spirit, the Blessed Mother for the moment is unseen, though she is present. When she does appear at the foot of the Cross, it only brings out more forcibly the utter loneliness of the Redeemer in the work He has entered upon. Even she is of no help. She only increases His sorrow. Against the darkness of those days the figure of Jesus appears alone.

There are, of course, many allusions to her in the Lamentations of Jeremias, which the Church sings when coming close to the time of the Crucifixion. But they are such only by adaptation. Thus the Prophet, contemplating the desolation actually brought on the Holy City in the time of Sedecias sees a vivid picture of the greater desolation which is to come upon

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it in the days when it has cast out the great King. It is that scene which he primarily describes when he exclaims: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is the mistress of the gentiles become as a widow; the princes of provinces made tributary. Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her; all her friends have despised her and are become her enemies. From the Daughter of Sion all beauty is departed. O, all ye that pass by the way, come and see if there be any sorrow like unto mine."

Nevertheless, in the immemorial custom of the Church all this is applied to the Blessed Virgin, and rightly so, for she in the most admirable and marvellous way was the Virgin daughter of Sion. In her all the holiness of the ancient people of God, which was her people, culminated. She was its most perfect flower and fruit. Her, the prophecies had foretold and the types foreshadowed. In the general ruin of her race and in the disaster which had fallen on religion she stands luminous at the side of the Redeemer, and hence, with perfect propriety all those prophetic utterances may be applied to her, always, of course, with reference to the great events which they portray, and understanding that whatever momentary obscuration there may be, is only to bring out more vividly the great truth that in Christ alone is our redemption.

Possibly, also, it may be a way of hinting that her grief was not merely a matter of that time alone, but followed her all her life and hence the Church devotes two other portions of the liturgical year, one of which, at least, is remote from the Passion, to study the sorrows of the Blessed Mother. She does so because she wants us to remember that the sword was always in the Blessed Virgin's heart; that the vision of Calvary was ever before her, and the sea of sorrow constantly sweeping over her soul.

Hence, apart from the Feast of the Seven Dolors in the springtime, there is another in autumn, and singularly enough it follows immediately after the Feast of her Nativity as if to intimate that her sorrows began with her birth. In the hymn

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of the first vespers we have a most pathetic almost harrowing picture of her maternal anguish over the mangled body of her Son. That hymn alone is sufficient to show us what tenderness and depth of sympathy the true Catholic ought to have with regard to the Mother of Christ. We have not a metrical translation of it, but the thought runs as follows :

"O with what torrents of tears, with sorrow surging like the waves of the sea, does the grief-stricken Virgin Mother gaze upon her Child when He is torn from the bloody cross and laid in her arms! Crushed with grief she bathes with tears His gentle lips, His tender breast, His sweet wide-gaping side, His wounded right hand and mangled left, and His feet all red with blood. A hundred and a thousand times she clasps in her close embrace His sacred form, and with her lips fixed upon His wounds melts away in kisses of anguish and pain. O Mother, we entreat, by those tears of thine and the sad funeral scene over the body of thy Son and for the sake of those livid wounds make the sorrow or thy heart abide in ours."

Could we want any more touching expression of human grief than this? As we are all aware no one can be subject of keener anguish than a loving mother holding in her arms the dead body of her son, and we know that there never was a mother, there never was a son like those who are depicted there. Add to it the fact that no saint ever could feel the outraged majesty of God as did she, and we need no longer wonder why the Church, when it has to use human speech, is sometimes mute. The agony of Christ is shown to be all the greater when, even for this grief of the Mother, the Church has almost no words, and has to wait till the time of the Passion is passed to give utterance to her thoughts.

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JOHN GARNET'S HOLIDAY.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER III.

THUS John Garnet's holiday began. Like some strange, beautiful dream the days went by, bringing him new hope and vigor and life. Wonderful days, indeed, they were to this grave, austere man, who had hitherto walked only the barren way of duty and self-renunciation—the desert path whose sole glory is the radiance of distant stars.

Here on these enchanted heights life was all color and beauty and glow; here Nature, cruel step-dame for so long, seemed to soften into motherly tenderness and lap and cradle him into delicious rest. For a time it was not only rest, rest,—on the wide verandah, in a soft cushioned chair, wrapped in warm rugs, or basking in the autumn sunlight—rest, by the great chimney-place in the hall, where a special corner was his invalid right—rest, in the cosy library, where he could dream undisturbed over his favorite authors. And always, and everywhere, he was conscious of a gentle care and solicitude that watched without wearying him.

The rug, the cushion, the foot-stool, the dainty milk punch, the invigorating cordial—all these little comforts and necessities of the convalescent, Lilian took into her hands, ministering to the gaunt, grave, lonely man with a tenderness almost filial.

He grew stronger daily; every morning he awoke with an added sense of vigor and well-being, every day life seemed to grow richer in warmth and color, fuller of pleasant interest, nay, of keen though quiet delight.

Soon he was able to walk, to drive, to take a share in the pleasures and amusements of the guests. For the Open Sesame to Cro' Nest was not wealth or social position, but cleverness.

The dull, the stupid, the heavy, found no admission there. "One must tolerate Midas in town," Mrs. Brycerly said, "but here we pull his ears fearlessly and will have none of him." So it was a brilliant coterie she gathered around her in her

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mountain fastness—artists, authors, musicians came and went, bold thinkers and theorists lingered delightedly in the congenial atmosphere—where all that was novel or original roused eager interest.

But as John Garnet soon found, it was a pagan Parnassus, where all gods had a place but the One Infinite and Eternal.

In vain had Lilian, filled with the beautiful enthusiasm of the young convert, striven to champion the Truth against overwhelming odds, she had found herself no match for the keen, subtle, scholarly minds arrayed against her. Again and again had she been driven to covet the Christians' Credo, her only defence.

But she had a powerful ally now. After long years of inactivity John Garnet found himself handling the old weapons of his youth against foemen worthy of his steel. Long dormant powers seemed to quicken into new life, dulled thought kindled into glow and flame, and Lilian's ckeek flushed and her eyes sparkled with triumph at the masterly logic and eloquence with which this grave, quiet friend upheld her cause, and defended the Truth she loved against pagan onslaught.

"Ah, you have scattered the hosts of darkness," she said gaily, one night, when the circle, held breathless around the fire by some such philosopher's battle, dispersed to billiard and music room, and she and Mr. Garnet were left in quiet by the glowing hearth. "Even Doctor Danfuth confessed to me that your mediæval battle axe struck with tremendous force. And Mildred Vane, poor unhappy woman, told mamma that your argument last night showed her the first solid ground she had touched for twenty years. Mr. Garnet," the gay voice took a graver tone, and Lilian sank down in her graceful, girlish way on the cushion beside her guest. "You have been here three weeks, and each week I have wondered more and more how you could have been content in papa's office all these weary years. Surely you could have done better things than drudge over his books."

"Once I thought so," he answered, quietly. "But we cannot always choose our own paths, Miss Lilian. I was left with a mother and three sisters depending solely upon me.

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There was no time for choice or delay. Perhaps if I had been a bolder man, I might have ventured, but there seemed too much at stake.

"I understand," she said, gently. "Then you are not alone?"

"Two of my sisters are married in the West; one is a cloistered nun; my mother died last year. Yes, I am alone."

"And free," she said, eagerly. "Then surely, surely you will not go back into bondage. Oh, it must have been such a hard, such a blighting life. Do you know when I was a very little girl, I used to think that high grated desk of yours was a cage, and wonder how papa could be so cruel as to keep you there. Once after a visit to the office I went to him crying, and begged him to let you out."

The grave, strong face had softened into tremulous lines while she spoke, but they were seated in the shadow and she did not see. Though arches and corridors, brightly lit, opened on either side, it was a fancy of Mrs. Brycerly to leave her central room to the firelight alone. All lesser radiance, she said, broke the spell of the great hearth, where mighty logs of oak hickory blared like royal bonfires, sending quivering shadows high upon the rough-hewn walls."

"I remember a little white plumed fairy, that used to peep shyly in upon me," Mr. Garnet said very softly. "And so you were sorry for this poor old prisoner."

"Oh, not old!" was her quick rejoinder. "You are not old now, Mr. Garnet."

"Forty-five my last birthday, Miss Lilian, and out of the race."

"Need one ever be out of the race," she asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, if he fall twenty years behind."

"But not when the years have brought only strength, wisdom, courage, endurance. Oh, what a long sacrifice those years have been! Sacrifice;" she repeated. "It is the word that meets me at every turn in the beautiful new language that I am learning. Sacrifice! It is a hard word, Mr. Garnet."

"Yes," he said, quietly; "a hard word. May it be long before you know its full meaning."

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"But it is not always suffering," she said; "sometimes it must be joy, when—when—one loves for instance."

Her voice had grown lower, sweeter. The glow of the fire brightened as the great hickory back log whose rugged bark had defied the flame all evening, began to kindle and snap. It seemed to fling a softer flush upon the beautiful profile, turned half away from John Garnet's gaze.

"Can love that would gladly give all things be sacrifice?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "The highest, the holiest, the most agonizing, when it is called to the Calvary of self-immolation."

"But I would die to save some one I loved without a pang," she said with a quick, drawn breath.

"There are pangs crueler than death," he answered, briefly.

"Oh, yes—yes," she said, with sudden pain in her voice; "and these I pray God will spare me for I would not know how to bear them."

"Amen to that prayer," said John Garnet, softly. "I would like to think of you as the little, white-plumed fairy of old, pitying, helping—not, God grant, enduring. I believe there are some bright souls sent into this world to comfort and gladden, some who, only by a beautiful sympathy, know of its sorrow and sin, some upon whom the burden of life is never laid. And—" he paused for a moment, while the great heart of the hickory burst into a blaze that illumined the tremulous lines of his grave, strong face—"I would go on in my own dark, lonely way forever to keep this happy lot of yours undimmed. I tell you this that you may not think me altogether unmindful, ungrateful for the sweet pity and kindness you have shown to a dull, weary, lonely man. For I leave Cro' Nest to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Mr. Garnet, no! we cannot permit it," cried Lilian, in dismay. "You know you are far from strong yet."

"Far from strong," he repeated in an odd tone, as he rose, tall and gaunt in the ruddy firelight. "You are right, perhaps; I am far from strong, but I will grow stronger in the old ways, at the old work."

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"Oh, but this so strange, so sudden," continued Lilian. "Papa does not expect you, I am sure. Oh, please do not go yet."

The soft, pleading tone trembled, there were tears in the sweet, uplifted eyes; it was the pitying, little white-plumed fairy of old that spoke to the lonely, desolate stranger within her gates. But the spell of the firelight was in John Garnet now, the great heart of the hickory mailed against the storms and suns of nigh fifty was glowing to its core.

"My dear little girl," he said, in a moved voice; "since you so wish it, I will stay."

When he went to his room that night there was a letter upon his table that had come with the late mail. He looked at it curiously, for both postmark and handwriting were strange to him. Then carelessly, he broke the seal and read. His uncle and godfather, an eccentric old man, of whom he had not heard for years, had died in a far-off western town and left him fifty thousand dollars.

His bonds were broken forever, he was free as Lilian had wished, free to live his own life, to reach the heights which Poverty had barred, free to strive, to win, to triumph yet. And like one who had quaffed some strange new elixir, John Garnet sat half the night before the white Christ in his mantle where Lilian had placed her last roses, dreaming the dreams of youth, heedless of the storm that swept the mountain baring, blighting, blasting its autumn glory, leaving behind the sere silence of winter and death.

CHAPTER IV.

The storm passed with the night. The wind had swept away mist and cloud veil from the mountain and the dawn broke with a pallid radiance like one whose vision had been cleared by a vigil of tears.

John Garnet rose late as was his convalescent privilege, and descended to find the house abandoned save by Mrs. Vane and the olive-skinned old Buddhist, who were deep in some Oriental occultism on the sunlit porch.

"You have been left at our mercy, Mr. Garnet," said the

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lady, gaily. "All the rest of the party have gone on the long intended picnic to Indian Rock. The waters are at the full to-day, and the cataract is superb in foam and rainbow. Mrs. Brycerly left word that if you should feel like joining them at the hotel, Lara was in the stable at your command."

But Indian Rock, with its leaping waterfall and gay picnicers, had no charms for John Garnet to-day.

He was glad to be alone, to think, to resolve, to look into the strange, beautiful vistas that had suddenly opened around him. He had telegraphed to Mr. Brycerly yesterday that he was about to return, and now he must notify him of his changed plans, for with this legacy (in cash, at his command, so the letters had informed him), the shackles of the trials had dropped from him, he could reach to higher things than his cashier's cage.

And with something of the vigor and briskness of twenty years ago, he took up his heavy walking stick and started out for a morning tramp through the woods. Even the pines had felt the fury of the storm; more than one cone-crowned monarch lay prostrate in his path, while the oaks and chestnuts were swept bare.

There was a tender melancholy in the sunlight that trembled through the leafless boughs; the wind sighed in the hollows like a passion-weary child. The note everywhere was of penitence and pain.

The little chapel of Our Lady of Dolors lay near the telegraph office to which John Garnet had directed his steps, and he stopped there for a few minutes to kneel before the simple rustic altar, his heart filled with new hopes, new purposes, that seemed to need the touch divine, to steady and assure them. And through the sombre light that had suddenly fallen upon his desert path, there seemed to come again the old blessing of his youth.

Even there Thy hand shall lead me; Thy right hand uphold me.

He retraced his steps to Cro' Nest more slowly, lingering in the sunlit aisles with the pleasant thoughts that he might loiter thus, unburdened, unhampered now.

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Dreams of travel, of happy leisure, nay, dreams sweeter and holier still flitted through his mind as he rambled in his footsteps scattering the fallen leaves, his cane swinging carelessly from his hand, his whole being stirred by a new sense of freedom and power. He had nearly reached the wide gateway of Cro' Nest when a figure started out of the shadowing pines to meet him.

"Grayson!" he exclaimed—conscious of a sudden chill, like the breath from some frosty height. For it was Wirt Grayson, the bright, cheery young man, who had taken his desk who confronted him. Wirt Grayson, white, haggard, hollow-eyed, the herald of some disaster—John Garnet felt at a glance.

"One word with you, Mr. Garnet, here alone," the young man began, excitedly, "I—I have risked everything to come up here to-day, to throw myself on your mercy; it rests with you to save or to ruin me."

The boy—he seemed little more to the man of forty-five, spoke in short, quick gasps, like one in mortal pain or fear.

"Be plain, Grayson," was the terse business answer—"what has happened?"

"We got your telegram that you were coming back to your work, to your desk, to-day. For God's sake don't, Mr. Garnet, give me just—just one week more."

The cashier's sunken eyes flashed. With the quick trained instinct he grasped the situation.

"So you have turned scoundrel, Grayson—"

"Call it what you please sir, I have nothing to say in my defense, except, perhaps this. There was a chance before me that would have turned older heads than mine—that did turn them—half a dozen of the best firms in the street have gone down like card-houses.

"And ours—," asked John Garnet, paling. "Is Brycerly & Brycerly hurt?"

"Not—not yet, sir" faltered the young man. "But, I—I—"

"And you have dared to use the funds, at your command, to risk the credit intrusted to you, and you come back to me for help, for time, to cover your rascality. Grayson, there is only one excuse for such a proposition. You must be mad indeed."

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"I am, I believe I am," answered the young man, desperately. "For the last ten days I have scarcely eaten or slept, watching the balance swaying that meant either safety or ruin, and it is swaying yet, Mr. Garnet, a day, an hour, and I may win back all. Let me show you—"

"Not a day, an hour, a minute, will I give you," was the stern reply. "I go back to my post by the next train."

"And ruin me," said Grayson, with a catch in his breath.

"It is not my business to consider you, sir," was the cold answer.

"No, no; oh my God!" groaned the young man, "if it were only myself. But Lilian, poor Lilian, this will break her heart! We—we have loved each other so long, since we were children, Mr. Garnet; we were to be married next year. She is so proud, and yet so tender, so true, she will cling to me through everything. And yet to drag her down with me. My God! I will die first, it will be a short end to all."

"Hush!" said Garnet, in a sharp, strange voice. "He was white to the lips now, his brow damp with a sudden sweat. "Let me understand you. You—you are betrothed you say to—to—Miss Brycerly. You were to be—married next year. Is this the truth, Grayson, or—or are you a liar as well as a thief?"

The young man winced and flushed.

"I have given you the right to insult me, Mr. Garnet, therefore I cannot resent it," he answered, with a quiet dignity. "In all that I have said to you, I have told the simple truth."

"The truth—ah! indeed, the truth—fool, fool, unused to man's ways to cry silence in that which is dearest to her." John Garnet's heart seemed to cry out in its bitterness as a thousand trifles corroborative of Grayson's words flashed into his startled memory.

"It was madness, as you say, to appeal to you," continued the young man. "There is but one course left to me; I will go myself to Mr. Brycerly and confess all."

"What is your deficit?" asked Garnet, a fierce glow in his deep set eyes.

"Over forty thousand dollars," answered Grayson, desperately."

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"Great Heaven, man! you are indeed lost." And for one brief moment John Garnet felt a demon's triumph, as he saw this young life so rich in all that had been denied him, crushed and blighted at his feet, for that Harold Brycerly, narrow, selfish, pitiless to any personal injury, would show no mercy, he knew.

"Lost, yes!" echoed Grayson, recklessly. "But when all else fails, there is a way out still."

At those words, the last cry of fierce young despair, John Garnet's soul awoke—mighty in its Christian strength—supreme over trembling heart and mind and will. And the stern, self-disciplined man saw the barren, desert path he had trodden for years, suddenly flame into sacrificial fire. With a quick change of manner and voice he laid his hand upon Grayson's shoulder.

"Yes, there is a way out," he said; "but not that of eternal perdition. Grayson, I have a plan, we will go back to the office together and settle matters."

"Mr. Garnet!" cried the young man, in amazement.

"In all honesty and justice," added John Garnet, quickly. "Not to save you or your promised wife, or any other creature from grief or shame, will I swerve from this path of right. But I see a way out of this difficulty. We have no time to lose. I will leave a parting message at the gate here and take the next train with you to the city."

That night found John Garnet again at his post—the cage of the cashier at Brycerly & Brycerly's office.

For long hours he sat there bending over his books, a pale, bewildered young man wondering and trembling at his side.

And when the midnight had passed Wirt Grayson was saved and John Garnet's brief holiday dream had vanished forever.

The deficit had been made good by his uncle's legacy. Brycerly & Brycerly stood strong and unshaken by the storm.

"Mr. Garnet, it is too much, too much," young Grayson had said, huskily, when he realized the noble generosity of the sacrifice. "I will give my note to you for this sum, and devote my whole life, if need be, to repaying it."

"No!" answered John Garnet, quietly. "I wish no note, ask

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no payment. It would shackle, burden you for life. Not the money, but you, yourself free, unhampered, bound by no secrets, no mistakes of the past, I give to-night to the woman you love, to the woman who loves you. Make the gift worthy of her as you can, Grayson. It is all the payment I ask. Tut, tut"—he laid his hand on the bright head that was bent, shaken with sobs on his cashier's desk. "How young you are Grayson, how very young. But it is better so—far better to grow old together. As for me, I am a man broken beyond my years. My old work, my old place—it is best for me until—" and a radiant light came over the grave, rugged face—"God gives me the holiday which is eternal."

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. VICTOR VAN TRICHT.

(*Concluded.*)

NOTHING so touches us in Holy Scripture as God's incessant solicitude for man: to draw man to Him He has recourse to all the tenderest comparisons. Sometimes, to that of a nurse who cherished her little one on her breast, "*Tamquam si nutrix foveat filios suos.*" (1) Sometimes, to that of a hen which calls together its chickens under its wing, "*Quemadmodum gallina congregat pullos suos.*" (2) Sometimes, to that of an old and desolate father who awaits the return of his son, and seeing him coming home from afar, runs to meet him, throws himself on his neck, and embraces him amid tears of joy. Who does not remember the parable of the prodigal child? Sometimes, and more frequently, to that of the supreme tenderness of a mother! "*Obviabit illi quasi mater.*" (3) I shall go before you as a mother, "*Quomodo si cui mater blandiatur ita ego consolabor vos.*" (4) As a caressing mother, shall I console you.

(1) Thes. 2 : 7.
(2) St. Matt. 23 : 37.
(3) Eccl. 15 : 42.
(4) Is. 66 : 13.

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You would say that He wished to exhaust all the resources of love, to attract to Himself the souls that suffer. You would say that He begs them, He implores them.

And we go so rarely to Him.

Why?

Do we doubt that He can console us and dry our tears?

No! We know well that the great God possesses in Himself all goodness and all happiness. How often, in raising our souls to Him in prayer, have we said to Him: "Oh my God, everything that is desirable in the world, everything that is glorious, honorable, lovable, all this is in You in a sovereign degree, in the most perfect purity, and in the most intimate union, and that from all eternity, without any of the imperfections which are found in created things. In You is found every delight, every rapture, everything which refreshes, and everything that charms, every consolation and every joy, all beauty and all happiness, every blessedness and the consummation of blessedness.

From You it is that everything that is sweet, draws its sweetness; everything beautiful, its beauty; everything bright, its splendor; all those who live, their life; everything that feels, its sensation; everything that moves, its strength; everything that is spirit, its knowledge; everything that is perfect, its perfection; everything that is good, its goodness. (1)

We know this and we believe it. We know and believe that God alone is able to console us, because He alone is the source of happiness.

And yet for all this, once again, we do not go to Him, we go to men: we go to the created things, to things vain and heartless.

Whence comes this mystery? Whence comes this contradiction to ourselves?

This is the reason.

Our poor souls are so much dragged down by our bodies, that we come to seek no other consolation than that which appeals to the body itself. We are so much absorbed by our

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(1) Lessius, "Elevations to God." 7.

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grosser life of feeling and instinct that we scarcely relish or appreciate any longer the life of the spirit and of thought. God ought, so to say, show Himself to our eyes ; He ought to touch our hands, speak to our ears so that we can see Him, feel Him, hear Him. The sensitiveness of our souls has become so dulled that we no longer quiver under the delicate and mysterious touches of which He is the source.

Without doubt, God being the Sovereign Master of man, and the Searcher-out of all the depths of his nature, God can touch him, console him, gladden him by means of the body and the senses: He can make him feel in his organism, in his nerves and in his bones, the divine ecstasy of happiness. He has done so for His saints, . . . He does the same for us and it is to Him that we must attribute those moments of serene delight, by which we feel ourselves moved, and for which we search in vain around us for a visible and created cause. But God is not lavish of this sensible action, He holds it in reserve, as an extraordinary and superior reward. Ordinarily it is to the spirit, it is to the reason, it is by Faith, that He speaks and communicates Himself. This is the chaste consolation of the soul, which He gives us . . . but we, spoiled through continual experience of the artificial warmth of this world, we hold it in slight esteem, we disdain it, it appears to us cold, and of little value.

What folly, therefore, is ours!

Yes! What folly! . . . And yet God has had pity. Knowing the wretched dust from which we are made, He humbles Himself even to our level; He so annihilates Himself as to assume our nature, the form of a servant, "*exinanivit semetipsum formam servi accipiens;*" He has clothed Himself like us in a visible and tangible flesh; He has spoken the language which our ears understand; He has lived in the midst of us, the life which we ourselves live.

Jesus Christ, the word made flesh, God made man, will be then the consoler of our sufferings, our friend, His open heart the refuge of our heart. Everything in Jesus Christ is mystery for our feeble and hesitating minds; but among all the problems which His human incarnation proposes, that which has

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struck me with greater force is to understand why, of His entire life, He has made such a complete tissue of sorrows and sufferings, to the extent of being called in truth "the man of sorrows—*vir dolorum.*"

To teach man his faith and his duties, to recall to him all the old law which he had forgotten, and to crown the whole law by the loftiest revelation, His lessons and His discourses were sufficient.

To reëstablish in a supernatural order the fallen nature of man, there was no need that Jesus Christ should submit to suffering. To satisfy the divine Justice of His Father for our sins the slightest act of reparation on His part would have superabundantly sufficed.

He wished, however, to drink the chalice of expiation even to the dregs. Why?

Why, then, "ought" He suffer, as the Holy Scripture says? I know of only one answer: To teach us to suffer.

Oh! What a master! What a model!

Come, then, to this divine school, you who are suffering and know not how to suffer. Listen to that silent instruction proposed to us, from the crib even to Calvary; absorb it into your very soul, engrave it upon your memory, and carry it, living warm, in your hearts. It will be your power and your energy, your strength and your courage.

St. Augustine calls some men "*Filii Calvariæ*—the children of Calvary." Yes, we are the children of Calvary. It is there that Christ has given us birth to a life of grace; it is also there that He will pour into our hearts, so weak in themselves, a power of endurance and of resignation which will put them to the test and make them regard, without terror, without fear, without fainting, all the cortege of miseries, how cruel soever, which unfolds itself in the life of man.

And what, then, has the Master done?

He has not changed anything in the calamitous condition of His creature. He has not relieved us of our sufferings. He has taken sufferings upon His own shoulders. "Surely He hath borne our infirmities—*Vere dolores nostros ipse portavit.*" (1)

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(1) Isais 53 : 4.

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He has taken His cross and mounted Calvary. From that day suffering became for man a glorious sign and seal of Christian nobility.

Rejoice, then, you who suffer. You are called to the fellowship of the sufferings of your God—"*Ad societatem passionum ejus?*" (1) With Him mount to Calvary, climb that rugged hill: you will not take a step there without putting your foot in the footprint of the Crucified. Not one tear from your eyes, not one drop of blood from your heart will touch the ground without touching the tears and the blood which Jesus Christ shed before you. Mount even to the top and gaze upon Him attentively. Look on His forehead, His hands, His feet, His torn side, His reddened eyes, His pierced Heart. . . . If your forehead is like His crowned with thorns, if your hands are pierced like His, if your heart is torn as His, be brave. You bear within you the features of your King—*Stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore porto.* (2) "You have put on the countenance, and as it were, the figure of your God—*Configuratus morti ejus.*" (3)

But Christ did not restrict Himself to making suffering glorious, He has made it lovable and a cause of joy. "I abound with joy in my sufferings," says St. Paul. "*Superabundo gaudio in omni tribulatione mea.*" (4)

This it is the world does not well understand. It does not understand how anyone can love suffering: this is, according to its way of thinking, foolishness; and to indicate clearly that it is on Calvary, at the foot of the cross, that this foolishness seizes on men, it calls it the foolishness of the cross. Even in the time of St. Paul, the world spoke thus: "We preach the Crucified, said the Apostle, to the Gentiles foolishness." (5)

But it matters little what the world thinks. The fact is none the less there. It is none the less true that at the foot of Calvary, a race of men had sprung up, which has loved suffering, which has made suffering the inseparable companion of its pilgrimage, which has preferred pain to pleasure, humilia-

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(1) Philip 3: 10. (2) Gal. 6: 17.
(3) Philip 3: 10. (4) 2 Cor. v. 7, 4.
(5) 1 Cor. 1: 23.

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tion and comtempt to glory, poverty to riches. It is no less true that that race perpetuates itself and that by a divine fertility, it produces even to-day a glorious offspring.

Our voluptuous age, just as the early ages of the Church, sees its penitents leave its bosom amid fire and blood, greedy of suffering, because Jesus Christ has suffered ; our age, independent and rebellious, sees men ambition the annihilation of obedience, because Jesus Christ annihilated Himself to obey even to the death. Our age so madly, so vainly pursuing riches, sees men loving poverty and "regarding it as a most tender mother," as St. Francis de Sales says, because Jesus Christ had been poor and had lived on public charity. Who will deny this? And why do we not recognize that Jesus Christ has given a charm to suffering, which we do not perhaps know, for we have not felt its attractions—but which others whom it has captivated, feel.

You ask me the secret of this mysterious transformation?

Behold it. It is love!. . . love which makes everything sweet and dear that one suffers for the well beloved . . . Love generated in the fire of those silent communications which pass between the Heart of the Crucified God, and those poor mortal hearts that draw near to His cross.

Let us not forget, moreover, those consoling words of the Apostle "*Momentaneum et breve tribulationis nostræ, supra modum in sublimitate æternum gloriæ pondus operatur.* (1) Our momentary and light tribulations here below accumulate for us in heaven a weight of incomparable glory.

He who has raised up Jesus, will raise us up with Jesus. *Scientes quoniam qui suscitavit Jesum et nos cum Jesu suscitabit.*(2) And if we have been the companions of His sufferings, so shall we be of His joys and His happiness. *Scientes quod sicut socii passionum estis, sic eritis et consolationis.* (3) You who are suffering you will soon reach,—perhaps you have already reached that point in life whence the future inspires more melancholy than hope. You will have lost along life's

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(1) 2 Cor. 4 : v. 17. (2) 2 Cor. 4: v. 14.
(3) 2 Cor. 1 : v. 7.

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pathway, those generous illusions, those artless joys, those pleasant dreams, those hopes so full of simplicity, and inexperience, all that beauty of the springtime which will be no more. All this is withered! The wind which blows across your brow is the wind of autumn which blights as it passes. You must descend . . . the decline is so rapid! and at the foot . . . so near alas! behold the end—Death. Ah, though life is so short and eternity so long, though death can, at any instant, seize us by the throat, and lay us in the grave, believe me, it is sweet to think that part of the suffering which is sent us in this world is a fruitful seed of happiness, planted in the soil of Eternity.

The Christian falls asleep so peacefully when he rests beneath the cross of his Master!

My intention is not to offer pages which will serve as the ordinary exercise of the Way of the Cross; they require a longer time than people can ordinarily give.

But, to those who read them, it will be easy later to recall the thoughts before the stations of that sorrowful journey and thither I would conduct all who suffer.

The true, the only consolation is there.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

A visit to Auriesville at this season leaves on one the impression that it should be photographed over again. The snow gives not only new color, but new form to everything. If you come by Tribes Hill, where the new power house for the electric line from Johnstown to Amsterdam is soon to be erected, you can enjoy sleigh riding as much as the weather permits over the meadows or lowlands from the lock at Fort Hunter. Should you write or telegraph for a sleigh to meet you it would be worth the extra charges to insert a few words about a storm coat, muffler and earlaps, though even without these you will enjoy the trip, and know better by personal experience what the climate is like, and what it must have been before the cultivation of the past two centuries helped to moderate it.

Ice and snow are everywhere and one wonders how the horse can be so fleet against a driving sleet and so sure-footed over the

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glassy road. Clear above the stretch of snow the chapel stands out on the hill-top and even the grey wood of the Station crosses may be discerned above the whiteness. In parts of the Ravine one would need snow shoes. Difficult as the walking is, one is well repaid by the sight of the creek, the water in some places flowing in a stream twenty feet wide, in others leaping over, or running under, a narrow bridge of ice. The clearing done in the autumn has made the Ravine a new piece of property. Not one patch of undergrowth is left to cut off the view. Shrine and grotto and statues can be seen from every part, and the place is so secluded as to afford a welcome retreat from the high winds bending the pines on the hills above. About the chapels and Calvary all is quiet, and all is covered with snow save where a drift has bared a piece of road or field. One would fain remain and witness this scene under the moonlight which will be at its best to-night, after this storm has swept by; but it is not hard to imagine how it will look, and to wish that the day were come when the snows would sparkle from some convent or cathedral roof in this setting, and the lights within flash through the storied windows as beacons of faith and of piety for the country around.

The design for the new chalice is ready, and a very handsome piece of work it is to be, of solid gold set with precious stones. About the cup will be a band of seraph beads surmounted by a row of diamonds, a row of pearls underneath. Precious stones adorn the stem and knob, and the base is profusely covered with them—sapphires, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and garnets. To designate the object of the chalice as an *ex voto* a medallion of Our Lady of Sorrows will be inserted in the base. Thirty ounces of gold are needed to give the chalice the massive appearance all this work and ornamentation require. Of these, twenty are already in the jeweller's hands, and ten more are needed. We thought last August that there was enough, but since more is needed we trust that our friends will contribute for this good purpose any pieces of gold they prize enough to wish to have them devoted to this pious object.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO SHRINE.

Anon	$5,00	Anon	$25.00
J. H. W., Chelsea, Mich.	1.00	M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5.00
K. D., Providence, R. I.	50		

FOR SACRED VESSELS.

Anon, per Rev. C. J. G., Gloucester, N. J., a gold chain, a silver medal and a gold brooch.

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MISSION NOTES.

THE NEW VICARIATES AND PREFECTURES APOSTOLIC OF 1901.

The mission of the New Hebrides, formerly a portion of the Vicariate Apostolic of New Caledonia, has been made a prefecture, and confided to a Marist Missionary, Father Donceret. The development of the missions in Chili (South America) has led to the formation of the new prefecture of Arancania, administered by the Capuchins. The prefecture of Upper Kassaï has been detached from the Congo Free State. It is attended by Belgian missionaries. Dahomey and the Gold Coast have become Vicariates Apostolic. Western Tonkin, in French Indo-China, has been divided into two Vicariates. So has Athabaska-Mackenzie, in Canada.

LATE DISASTERS.

The Brussels Foreign office has received an official confirmation of the report that two Belgian missionaries and several hundreds of Chinese Christians have been slain, and the Belgian church burned in Southwest Mongolia.

During 1900, nine missionary Bishops went to their eternal reward. Of these, five were put to death for the faith ; one, Mgr. Hamer, having been burned alive in Mongolia. Three of the martyred Bishops, Mgrs. Fantosati, Grassi and Fogolla, were Italian Franciscans. Mgr. Hamer, who was from Holland, and Mgr. Guillon, from France, belonged to the Society of Foreign Missions. All were slain in China. Mgr. Buléon, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary, died of yellow fever in Senegambia, Africa.

Of the missionary priests who died during the year 1900, thirty were slain for the faith in China. One of these was buried alive, another burned to death with his people in a church, and another was shot while the Christians were defending themselves. Four of the martyrs were Jesuits, and all from France. Seven were Franciscans, six being Italians, and one Frenchman. The Lazarists had four martyrs, three from France and one from Italy. The Paris Society of Foreign Missions has nine to its credit on the glorious roll. The Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary has five, three from Belgium and two from Holland. And the Roman Seminary has one.

In all, 162 missionary priests died during the year. The

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Society of the Holy Ghost lost five by yellow fever in Africa. One Marist was drowned in Oceanic seas. And Father Flandin, of the Paris Foreign Missions, was drowned in Manchuria. Father Izaguire, a Venezuelan, who had been many years a chaplain of the lepers, is, also, from our vain vision, "greatly fled." Of the missionaries gone to rest, seventeen were sons of St. Francis, thirteen of St. Ignatius, sixteen of St. Vincent de Paul. The longest list, thirty-seven, is furnished by the Paris Foreign Missions. Nineteen were of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and fifteen of the congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

VIEW OF THE MISSION FIELD IN 1901.

Europe.—In the Protestant countries of Northern Europe, many of which were, until recent years, practically closed to the Catholic Faith, there has been much success, and we have reason to hope for yet greater. Amongst the most educated persons, particularly, conversions have been numerous. In the old Latin Catholic countries, on the contrary, there has been a concerted and very bitter persecution. This has taken on an entirely new feature—hostility even to the missionaries. The sacred and extraordinary diplomacy of Pope Leo has, however, gained immense advantage for the Church.

Asia.—The yet unfinished pages of the fearful persecution in China are familiar to everybody. It is, no doubt, the old story: the blood of martyrs will fertilize the hostile soil. The missionary work is energetically recommencing in China. Christian blood has flowed in Corea, land of martyrs. But the French Minister's intervention quickly stemmed the tide. In Indo-China, converts have increased, and are increasing, in unhoped for numbers. While in the Mussulman countries of the nearer East there has been an efflorescence of Catholic works, quite as extraordinary as it was unexpected.

India, harassed by famine, is filling up by converts the places of the dead.

Africa.—Africa has had its sorrows and some reverses. A great many soldiers of the Cross have died at their posts. But the ranks have been quickly and nobly filled, and the harvest is being very rapidly and abundantly gathered in.

America.—The last statistics of the well-known authority, Dr. Carroll, puts the Catholic communicants in the United States at 9,158,741; while the Methodist Episcopal Church, coming next,

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counts 2,762,291 ; and the Regular Baptist (South), next in number, has 1,664,108. The other Christian organizations follow in decreasing order. Dr. Carroll puts the Catholic increase since 1890 at nearly 3,000,000; while during that time, the growth of the other large churches has been about 300,000. We have now 87 dioceses or Vicariates Apostolic.

Canada, notwithstanding its large immigration to the States, has needed a new Vicariate Apostolic. South America is rich in developments. Brazil has given not only new missions to the Church, but also the first martyrs of the century.

Oceanica.—The new mission of the Solomon Islands is growing rapidly, owing to the zealous labors of the Marist missionaries. Just as the Apostolic work was becoming definitely assured, the priests found, on Isabella Island, the remains of Bishop Epalle, who, half a century ago, shed his life-blood on those distant lands of unbelief. In the Gilbert Islands and New Pomerania, the Fathers of the Sacred Heart are meeting with success similar to that of the Marists.

NORTHERN EUROPE.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, from Chambéry (France), see their works in Denmark grow year by year. Their hospital in Copenhagen, begun in 1875, being much too small for the number of patients applying for admission, the good Sisters began to beg from house to house in this Protestant city. They were received very favorably. Next they organized a bazaar under the patronage of Princess Waldemar. The royal family came to honor it, and the success was so great that the Sisters began to increase their hospital by an additional building. Mgr. Von Euch, Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, blessed the corner-stone in presence of a most distinguished audience. A month after the building was ready for occupation, the 153 beds were all filled by the sick. Counting the 153 in the old building, the patients now number over 300. The Sisters have opened a novitiate, and are actually in need of fifty more Religious.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions: Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Ignatius' Church, New York, $25.00, for the Zambesi Mission.

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